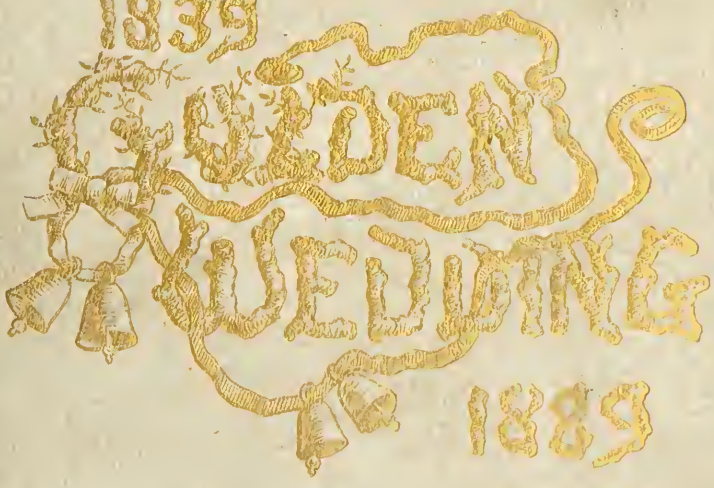
AA 001 265 401 8
UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY

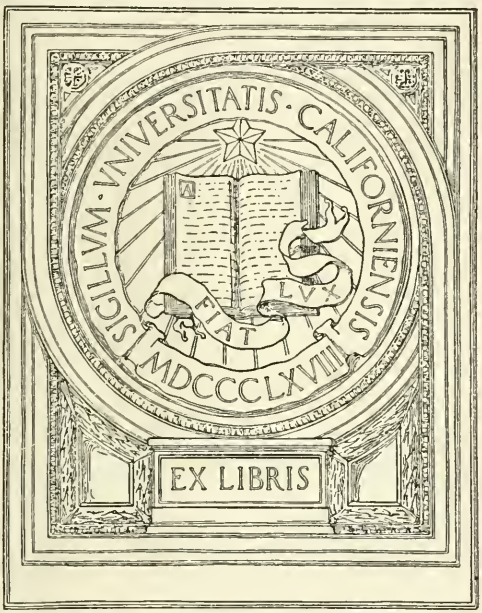


EX LIBRIS

SAN CARLOS 1769

ROBERT ERNEST COWAN

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
AT LOS ANGELES



ROBERT ERNEST COWAN

To Mr & Mrs John Bryson Jr.
who also have celebrated
their Golden Wedding.
With The Compliments
of
Mr & Mrs Kinney.
Los Angeles Cal
May 16. 1903.

J. F. Kinney
Mrs Hannah F. Kinney

Yours Truly
J. F. Rivers

Hannah H. Kinney

Memorial

of

Golden Wedding.

Hannah D. Hall.

John Fitch Kinney.

Mt. Vernon, Ohio, January 29th, 1839.

Nebraska City, Nebraska, January 29th, 1889.

Lincoln, Neb.:
State Journal Co., Printers.
1889.

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES LIBRARY

C571
K62M5

To JULIA BEATRICE METCALF,

the eldest of the family, whose generous love, without the knowledge of her parents, planned the observance of their golden wedding; whose many Christian virtues, unseen charities, and benign influence in the home circle and society, bless and purify life; whose love for father, mother, and family is only limited by her devotion to God, this little volume is most affectionately dedicated by the author and compiler.

COWAN LIBRARY, 1936

261051

Preface.

Believing that family life, with its joys and sorrows; its separations and reunions; its devoted love and unselfish sacrifices—is a heavenly type of "things not seen:" believing that the simple word Home embraces all that is most sacred to the human heart, and that to strengthen its holy influences is to elevate human character: believing that mercies received from the "Giver of all good gifts" should be gratefully acknowledged: therefore is this little volume written and sent forth to the loving hearts of the family circle, who have just cause for joy and gratitude in the preservation and union of two most precious lives through the past fifty years.

If their examples of faithfulness and courage prove an incentive to others, and strengthen hearts often ready to despair, then has this simple narrative fulfilled its humble mission.

Introductory.

On the evening of January 29, 1859, at the country residence of Col. Samuel Hall, near Mt. Vernon, Ohio, the near relatives and friends of the family gathered as spectators of an event full of interest to all, and of happiness to two, who were present to be made one, according to God's ordinance, for all time to come.

The father and mother of the bride, well advanced in years, gave a reluctant consent to part from their daughter whose life and happiness they hesitated to confide to the care of a young man whom they had only known a short time, and who had no means of support save the profession on which he had just entered.

The bride was fair, tall, and graceful; added to a natural dignity, she had just enough of culture to improve gifts which were embellished, but could never have been created by art.

The groom was not only young, but reckless in assuming the responsibilities of married life without a dollar, de-

pending upon the uncertain income of an untried profession to support a wife, whom he was about to deprive of all the comforts of a well-ordered home. But he was so infatuated that the future had no place in his thoughts. He did not stop to consider earthly things. The experiment was full of danger. His days had been passed in school, and in a law office among the text-books, so that in case of a failure in his profession he could not fall back on a trade or any experience at manual labor.

Thus it was, oblivious to all else save the enchanting spell of love, John F. Kinney led to the altar Hannah D. Hall, and they were married by a man of God. The evening was clear and beautiful; the stars were bright, and seemed joyous; the full moon, in unclouded splendor, appeared to join with minister and pious parents in their blessing and benediction.

And now, after fifty years of wedded life, through the mercies of God, in the full enjoyment of health, they are permitted to celebrate their golden wedding, surrounded by children and grandchildren, whose congratulations of tender love shed a sweet fragrance over their lives.

Biographical.

John Fitch Kinney was born in New Haven, Oswego county, N. Y., on the 2d day of April, 1816, and was the fourth child and second son of Dr. Stephen F. Kinney and Abby Brockway, who, during the preceding winter, removed from Oneida county, N. Y., and settled in the wilderness county of Oswego. The only houses in New Haven at that time were log-houses, and in one of them the son was born. His father was born in Worthington, Mass., January 22, 1789, was educated at Hamilton College, studied medicine with Dr. Fitch, who also married a Brockway, and who was one of the most skillful physicians and surgeons of his day. After practicing medicine in Oswego county for twenty-five years, Dr. Kinney removed to Marysville, Ohio, where his son was then living. At the ripe age of eighty-five he died, having been for more than half a century an earnest Christian man.

Abby Brockway was born in Ellington, Conn., in 1790, the daughter of Rev. Thomas Brockway, a Presbyterian

divine of great attainments, and the author of a remarkable book entitled the "Gospel Tragedy," an epic poem of rare value. Rev. Brockway preached to one congregation for fifty years, and died while a pastor of the church where he began his work. Those who trace their lineage to "Grandfather Brockway" feel an honest pride that they are able even remotely, to claim descent from so great and good a man. His daughter Abby, wife of Dr. Kinney, died in New Haven, N. Y., in 1824, leaving a family of seven children, the eldest fifteen years old, the youngest but a few weeks. These, with great composure, she called around her in her dying hour, and committed them in prayer to the care of the Heavenly Father. The loss of a Christian mother is a sad affliction. No love equal to hers—none so boundless. No one can fill the vacant place. Three sons and four daughters, as time wore on, more and more lamented her death. The sons still live: Elisha M. Kinney, of Kenosha, Wisconsin; John Fitch, of Nebraska City, Neb.; and Lathrop B., of Salt Lake City, Utah. Only one daughter survives—Mrs. Eliza S. Jewett, of Waterville, N. Y.

The means for education in the early settlement of Western New York were very limited, being confined in the country to the public schools. To these John was sent until he was fifteen years of age, when Joel T. Headley, since distinguished as an author, opened a private school in New Haven, which he attended. After six months in that school, he was sent to Hannibal, N. Y., to a private school, and after one year there he entered the "Rensselaer Oswego Academy," where he studied for two years the languages and higher branches of mathematics. Forty

years after his connection with the academy there was a reunion of the old pupils and teachers on the classic ground of their *alma mater*, which brought together many hundreds, embracing lawyers, judges, authors, ministers, and law-makers, the occasion being the semi-centennial celebration of the opening of the academy. Mr. Kinney was made president of this convention.

After his two years at the academy he commenced the study of law with Hon. Orvillo Robinson, in Mexico, N. Y., and after two years and a half study bade farewell to his native state and started westward, landing in Marysville, Ohio, in September, 1837. Here he fell in with Augustus Hall, a young lawyer from Batavia, N. Y., with whom he read law one year, and was then admitted before the court in Banc at Columbus. Through Augustus Hall he became acquainted with his sister Hannah, whom he married on the 29th day of January, 1839.

Augustus Hall was a brilliant lawyer and a great advocate. He removed to Iowa in 1842, became prominent at the bar, and in 1854 was elected to Congress, and in 1857 was appointed by Mr. Buchanan Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Nebraska. In January, 1861, he died, while in office. He left two daughters and one son: Theodosia Burr, now Mrs. Shepherd, living in Ventura, California; Ellen, now Mrs. Enderlien, living in Los Angeles; and Richard S. Hall, Esq., now a prominent young lawyer in full practice in Omaha, Neb.

In 1840 Mr. Kinney settled in Mount Vernon, Ohio, and soon succeeded to an active practice. In the summer of 1844 Col. Hall, J. C. Hall and Augustus, with their families, having removed to Iowa, he followed them, and

landed at Fort Madison in August. In the spring of 1845 he was elected Secretary of the Legislative Council, a position he held for two sessions. In 1846 he was appointed Prosecuting Attorney, and in June, 1847, then only thirty-one years of age, he was appointed by the Governor, Justice of the Supreme Court, holding the office by appointment until 1848, when he was elected in joint convention of the Legislature for the term of six years, as then provided in the State Constitution. His judicial opinions appear in the first, second, third, and fourth volumes of G. Greene's Iowa Supreme Court Reports.

In August, 1853, Judge Kinney was appointed by President Pierce, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Utah, without being an applicant for the office, nor desiring it. He hesitated about accepting, nor did he decide to do so until the meeting of the Supreme Court in January when, by reason of the feeble health of his wife, he, announced to the court and bar that, believing a trip across the plains would be a benefit to her, he should resign his position on the bench, and accept the place tendered him by the President. On his retiring, the lawyers in attendance held a formal meeting, prepared a series of resolutions which they presented to the court, which were highly complimentary to Judge Kinney, and his seven years' labor upon the bench in shaping the jurisprudence of the state, and regretting that circumstances were such as to compel him to dissolve the pleasant relations which existed between him and the bar. These resolutions, on motion, were ordered to be spread upon the records of the court.

The vacancy thus made by Judge Kinney's retirement

was filled in the appointment of J. C. Hall, of Burlington, the senior brother of Augustus Hall. Of him the impartial biographer well said, that as a profound and erudite lawyer and able jurist he had few equals in the Northwest, and no superior. Judge Hall died in Burlington, Iowa, in 1874, at the age of sixty-six. His only son, Benton J. Hall, the present U. S. Commissioner of Patents, and late member of Congress from Iowa, has succeeded to his father's great ability as a lawyer. His eulogy in the House of Representatives upon the death of Vice Pres. Thomas J. Hendricks, as a piece of English composition, and as a correct analysis of the character and life of that great, good man, has been pronounced the most beautiful and classic of all the tributes paid to his memory.

In the spring of 1854 the journey to Salt Lake City, of fifteen hundred miles by private conveyance, was successfully accomplished. While *en route* a son was born, believed to be the first white child born in Nebraska after it was organized into a Territory. The monotony of the journey was occasionally relieved by an "Indian scare." During the summer of 1854, nearly every party that crossed the plains were attacked and suffered more or less by the hostile Indians then on the war path. Judge Kinney's party passed a number of fresh but hastily constructed graves, where were buried those who had fallen in Indian attacks upon trains, and in one instance stopped and reburied the bones of a person, which, by reason of shallow burial, had been dug up by the wolves. Of the Indian scares which befell the party, one only will be mentioned.

Camped on the Platte river five hundred miles west of the Missouri river, grazing the stock after a morning's drive, the camp was suddenly alarmed by the appearance of a war party of about fifty Indians on a bluff, who, from all appearance, had unexpectedly come in sight of the campers. They were about a mile distant, and as seen through the field glass were making preparation for an attack. They dismounted, took their guns from the buck-skin covers and their arrows from their quivers, and then remounted, and with a frightful Indian "war-whoop yell," started on a full run for the little defenceless party, with the certainty of an easy victory, thereby adding scalps to their belts, and gaining plaudits for their valor.

In the camp were twenty-five men, all of whom were well supplied with arms and ammunition when starting out on the journey. In the slow travel of about fifteen miles each day, four weeks had passed without having seen an Indian, and they had concluded there were no more in the country, and that they had gotten beyond all further danger. One man in the party who had crossed the plains, had warned them that the time would come when they least expected Indians they would appear, and so it proved to be. They had also been warned by emigrants who had preceded them, by notes dropped along the road, "Look out for Indians," mentioning fights and loss of some of their number; but these warnings, and the frequent graves of the killed, all failed to inspire a wholesome caution, sufficient to induce the men to keep their arms in order and their ammunition in place. Now, when most needed, there was not a loaded gun in camp, nor could the ammunition be found. Realizing their sit-

nation, hoping to escape death by concealment, the men ran to their wagons and secreted themselves behind boxes and under blankets. On came the bloody fiends, with spear and bow, with gun and battle-axe; came with the fury of demons and the ferocity of hungry wolves. It was a moment of awful reality. Mrs. Kinney in her ambulance, with an infant in her arms and four other children closely nestled around her, calmly asked her husband, who was standing by the carriage watching the Indians, what he was going to do. Inspiration, rather than courage, prompted the reply, "I am going out to meet them." George Zeigle, a young man of the party, then said, "Judge, I will go and die by your side." Hastily thrusting unloaded pistols into their belts, with a brave exterior but with faltering hearts, the two marched out to meet what seemed to human eyes certain death.

As the men advanced, the Indians slackened the speed of their ponies, no doubt wondering what this rash act could mean, and as the two came still nearer, apparently undaunted, the ponies came to a walk, and then the warrior chief dismounted, walked a few steps till he met them, reached out his hand, and gave the usual Sioux salutation, "How!" Then the Chief Justice and his companion breathed easier, the heart was relieved of its mighty weight, the face resumed its natural color, the limbs were stronger, the sun shone brighter, and all nature seemed clothed in more beautiful garments than a few moments before. The Indians had construed the hiding of the men in their wagons as a lodgment to shoot from cover, and the approach of the two white men as a brave act, which an Indian not only admires but fears with a super-

stitious awe; and to mean that the "captain" was willing to offer his hand in friendship or would fight them, as they might prefer.

The war party was conducted into camp, where large presents of flour, sugar, coffee, bacon, and tobacco were given them. The traditionary pipe of peace was then smoked, to the relief of all. Then it was that an Indian, in order to emphasize more fully their character and the business they were engaged in, took from a sack twenty-seven scalps, around which they chanted their exultant song of victory.

It was with great satisfaction that the little band of campers recognized none of their own among them; but in order to make sure that they were not mistaken, they involuntarily put their hands on the tops of their heads, and finding their scalps in place, only wondered, and thanked God.

At length, after four months of weary travel, the top of the last mountain was reached, and the city, nestling at its foot was seen in the distance. With thankful hearts for a safe deliverance, three hearty cheers were given for the city of the plains. Mrs. Kinney was well and could walk up the steepest mountain. The child survived all the hardships of the journey, and still lives to boast that he was the first white child born in Nebraska.

Brigham Young was then Governor, having been appointed by Millard Fillmore. Judge Kinney held his courts without interruption, and administered the law without interference. In holding courts remote from the city, an escort of U. S. soldiers was provided by Col. Steptoe, as protection against the Indians. In the spring

of 1856 the family returned by private conveyance to their home in Iowa. In the spring of 1857 they removed to Nebraska City by steamboat, taking twenty-one days to make the trip from St. Louis.

In July, 1860, while engaged in a profitable practice, Mr. Kinney, without any previous knowledge of the fact, was appointed by Mr. Buchanan again Chief Justice of Utah. This came to him as a surprise, as he was not an applicant, nor did he desire the position. Again was the overland journey performed, but by stage, involving twelve days of continuous night and day travel. The family were left to enjoy the comforts of a nice home which had been provided during the three years' stay in Nebraska City.

The courts were again held through the years 1860–61 and spring of 1862, when leave of absence was obtained from the President, and the journey back to Nebraska City was made by stage without serious results. The tedium of the trip was relieved by the coach being upset in "Bear River," the floating ice frightening the leaders. The body of the coach became separated from the running gears, and the Judge and David Street, the paymaster of the road, who had a large amount of money in a carpet bag, were carried down stream at the mercy of the rapid current and floating ice, but were at last rescued by the driver throwing a rope to them.

The disagreeable feature of this incident was, that the wet passengers lost their hats and baggage, and were obliged to travel twenty miles with their clothing frozen solid, but thankful that they did not keep their hats and baggage company down the river. In Nebraska City the

monotony of a summer vacation was broken by a democratic nomination for Congress. According to the returns, Mr. Kinney was beaten, and again returned overland to Utah to resume his official duties.

In June, 1863, by the effort of the republican delegate from Nebraska, he was removed, on the ground that the year before he had run as a democrat for Congress. This removal resulted in his election to the same Congress he had been beaten for in Nebraska.

The 38th was emphatically the "War Congress." It was in the early days of the session that Fernando Wood, of New York, the acknowledged leader in the House of the anti-war party, made his great speech, in which he denounced the war as "a hellish crusade of blood and famine." Mr. Kinney made an impromptu reply to this speech, which was extensively published at the time, with flattering comments. The following resolution introduced by Mr. Kinney is taken from the "Congressional Daily Globe," of May 26, 1864, which is given here to show his status in Congress upon the greatest question that has ever agitated the country, or dominated in the halls of Congress:

"*Resolved*, As the sense of this House, that the present crisis in the history of this causeless and unjustifiable rebellion calls loudly upon Congress for united patriotic action. That while our gallant and self-sacrificing soldiers, with a courage unexampled either in ancient or modern wars, are sustaining the honor of the nation in the field, they are entitled to the thanks of the country, and the hearty support of Congress, and forgetting for the present all differences on old party issues, it is the duty of

Congress to sustain the constituted authorities of the country in their effort to suppress the rebellion."

This resolution was adopted.

At the close of the 38th Congress, Mr. Kinney returned to his home in Nebraska City, and did not further participate in public affairs until February, 1867, when, with five other gentlemen, he was appointed by the President on a special Indian commission to visit the Sioux Indians, then at war, and particularly to make full inquiry and report concerning the "Fort Phil Kearney massacre." He was engaged in this work many months. At Fort Laramie the commission divided, and he was the only one who visited Fort Phil Kearney, a further distance of two hundred miles, through a hostile country, but was favored with a military escort. The report which he made as to the management of Indians by the government has been largely incorporated into our present system for the civilization of the Indians and the education of their children.

In July, through the influence of Nebraska's able Senator, General C. H. VanWyck, Judge Kinney was appointed by President Arthur U. S. Indian Agent for the Yankton Sioux Indians in Dakota, a place of great responsibility.

As Mr. Kinney was a democrat, his appointment by a republican President evoked strong opposition from the republican delegation in Congress. The President was appealed to, to withdraw the nomination, and the Senate to withhold the confirmation, on the ground, only, that Mr. Kinney was a leading democrat, and the position was due to some republican. But Senator VanWyck, with that courage and fidelity which have distinguished him during

all of his eventful public life, insisted upon the appointment and confirmation; contending that qualification and fitness should be the test of merit, and that Mr. Kinney possessed these, with large experience among the Indians. President Arthur, in the face of the opposition, took the same view of the matter as did Senator VanWyck, and twice appointed Mr. Kinney to the office, and his appointment was confirmed by the Senate.

On January 10, 1889, after his term of office had expired, at his own request he was relieved by the appointment of a successor.

When he was about to leave the Agency, the chiefs, head men, and nearly all the adult male Indians of the reservation, assembled at the Agency to bid him goodbye, and in their speeches referred to his long services and the good he had done them by settling them on farms, providing them the means for farming, building for them houses, etc., and expressed much sorrow because he could not remain with them as their agent and father as long as he lived. After they had thus spoken, all shook hands with him.

On the 15th day of January, he and Mrs. Kinney returned to Nebraska City, where, at the home of their eldest daughter, Mrs. Julian Metcalf, on the evening of January 29th, their "golden wedding" was becomingly observed by their children and grandchildren, none but members of the family being invited—an agreeable surprise planned and carried out by Mrs. Metcalf.

Hannah D. Hall was born in Batavia, N. Y., on the 12th day of November, 1816. In addition to the education obtained at the public schools, she attended the Ladies'

Seminary at Bethany. In 1838 she came to Ohio, where her father, Col. Samuel Hall, was then living, he having removed to Knox county in 1836. He was born in Worthington, Mass., in August, 1782; was an officer in the war of 1812, and bore the title of Colonel up to the time of his death, which occurred in September, 1856. In 1802 he married Hannah Chapin, daughter of Jonathan Chapin, Esq. She was born near Springfield, Mass., in 1784, and died while visiting her daughter, Mrs. Mary Jane Burr, in Mt. Vernon, Ohio, in 1858. Mrs. Hall was a woman of rare intellect and extensive reading, with a remarkable memory, and at will could call up dates and events in history, and catalogue the reigning kings and queens of England, the time and reign of each, with an accuracy which was wonderful. Her father was graduated at Harvard, and a distinguished lawyer in his day. Samuel Hall and Hannah Chapin were the parents of five sons and three daughters. The second daughter, Hannah D. Hall, through the marriage with John F. Kinney, is the mother of two daughters and five sons. The eldest, Julia Beatrice, was born in Mount Vernon, Ohio, October 29, 1839. In 1856, she was graduated at Miss English's school in Georgetown, D. C., and by reason of her progress and attainments, was chosen to prepare and deliver the class valedictory, a poem which was published in the *National Intelligencer*, the leading paper in Washington, with editorial reference to its merits as the original production of a young lady then only in her seventeenth year. She was also awarded the only prize medal for highest attainments in music. In the spring of 1857 the family removed from Iowa to Nebraska City. That year a town site was

selected on the Blue river, in Nebraska, by gentlemen who were passengers on the same boat from St. Louis up. The town, without a house then, was named by these gentlemen "Beatrice," in her honor. July 4, 1857, the location was ratified by the members of the company, in the presence of a large number of persons who had gathered from Nebraska City, and the day was appropriately observed by the erection of a flag-staff and the presentation of a silk banner by the ladies, the reading of an original poem by Miss Julia Beatrice, and an eloquent response by Albert Pike, Esq., a young lawyer, now prominent at the St. Louis bar. Arrangements were also made to commence building and start the town by providing a steam saw-mill.

Beatrice is now the third city of the state, has a population of 15,000, and acknowledged to be the most beautifully located city in Nebraska.

On July 31, 1861, she was married to Mr. Julian Metcalf, engaged in banking in Nebraska City, who was born in Charlestown, New Hampshire, December 29, 1833. His father, Horace Metcalf, was born May 10, 1801, and died November 19, 1879. He married Chloe Cheney, September 13, 1824, who was born August 30, 1801, and died November 19, 1874. Horace Metcalf is mentioned in the history of that town as "a successful farmer and financier, a man of intelligence and sound judgment, and long prominent in his portion of the state, and as having acquired a fortune." His brother, Ralph Metcalf, in 1855 was elected governor of the state, serving two terms. The mother of Julian Metcalf was the daughter of Col. Wm. Cheney, of Newport, N. H., who was an extensive mill owner and manufacturer, and for many

years a representative in the state legislature, and died leaving a large estate. In 1824, when Gen. Lafayette made the tour of New England, he was entertained by Col. Cheney at his mansion.

Julian Metcalf settled in Nebraska City in 1857, and soon engaged in banking. In 1865 the Otoe County National Bank was organized, since which time he has been cashier and manager. There have been born to him and his devoted, Christian wife, two daughters and one son. Their eldest, Gertrude Metcalf, born in Nebraska City, Neb., April 29, 1862; Minnie Metcalf, at the same place, May 17, 1864; Horace Metcalf, same, July 22, 1866.

Gertrude was two years at Wellesley College, near Boston, but was graduated at Hellmuth College, Ontario, Canada, in 1880, with marked distinction. She is now vice principal of "St. Hilda's Hall," near Los Angeles, California. From her early childhood she was a lover of books, and a close student. In addition to her scholarly attainments, Gertrude possesses a rare charm of person and manner.

Minnie Metcalf has the gifts of genius, draws and paints well, is a natural artist, and a cultivated reader. She was also at Helmuth College, and has had liberal opportunities to improve her gifts.

Horace, the only son, was educated at Shattuck school, Faribault, Minn., is a young man of sterling character, has just passed his twenty-second birthday, is book-keeper and one of the directors of the Otoe County National Bank.

Ellen Hall Kinney, the second daughter, was born in Mount Vernon, O., July 25, 1841. When thirteen years

of age she was the eldest child that accompanied her parents on their perilous journey across the plains. On their return, in 1856, she was placed at school in the "Virginia Female Institute," Staunton, Va., a seminary of high rank, where she was graduated in 1858, receiving medals for scholarship and drawing. She excelled in mathematics, and always preferred study to the gayeties of life. October 10, 1861, she was married, at the residence of her father, in Nebraska City, to Jasper A. Ware, proprietor of "Ware's Bank." He was born in Todd county, Ky., March 5, 1831. His father, Edmund Ware, was born in Frankfort, Ky., Oct. 19, 1797, and died in February, 1852. He settled in Todd county in 1826, and then bought the plantation on which he lived up to the time of his death. Large additions in land and improvements, in the meantime had been made by him, and at the time of his death was the owner of a large estate.

In 1823 he was married to Louisa B. Anderson, who was born in Louisa county, Va., Sept. 21, 1801, and died in October, 1846.

There have been born to Jasper A. Ware and Ellen Hall Kinney three daughters and one son. The eldest, Florence, was born in Nebraska City, June 27, 1863, received her final school education at "Brownell Hall," Omaha, graduating with the highest honors in the class of '82, being valedictorian, and receiving the scholarship medal. She is loved by all for her gentle manners and sweet disposition. June 25, 1884, she was married, at "Wildwood," the residence of her parents, near Nebraska City, to Richard S. Hall, Esq., the only son of Augustus Hall, deceased.

On May 4, 1888, a son was born to them, Richard Ware Hall, who occupies the place of honor, by being the only great-grandchild of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Kinney.

Ellen Ware, the second daughter, graduated at the High School in Nebraska City in 1883, is an earnest student, was principal teacher and organist in the government boarding school at the "Yankton Indian Agency," Dak., for more than two years, until she resigned. She discharged her duties to the entire satisfaction of the department, winning the love of the children and the highest esteem from her co-teachers. Lovable in her ways, energetic in all she undertakes, and pleasing in her manners. She is now principal of Belmont school, Nebraska City.

Grace Ware was educated at Schoenberger Hall. She early evinced a talent for music, was persistent in her study of the art, received instruction from her aunt, Mrs. Metcalf, and has been for the past two years a diligent pupil of the accomplished pianist, Miss Neally Stevens. Her great natural talent, supplemented by hard study, has made her a brilliant player. Dignified, but courteous, respectful to all, but familiar with none outside the family circle, she closely resembles the bride of fifty years ago, her now much loved "Grandma."

Norton Ware, a dear boy, born April 3, 1880, at Nebraska City, is at this early age a gentleman in his manners, and if spared to take his place in the active scenes of life, will undoubtedly make his mark in the world, for he has that will-power which is so necessary to success.

Daughters and son give ample proof of the careful, affectionate training of a refined Christian home.

In addition to the two daughters, Mr. and Mrs. Kinney

have had five sons born. Samuel Hall Kinney, the eldest, was born in Mount Vernon, O., Dec. 29, 1843. He early developed a tendency for study, and a talent for mathematics. At the age of sixteen, in 1860, he was appointed Cadet to the U. S. Military Academy. In 1864 he was graduated in the Artillery Corps, and was at once assigned to duty in front of Richmond. He was engaged in battle about the time of the evacuation and surrender. For gallant and meritorious conduct in this fight he was promoted to a first lieutenancy, and breveted Captain. He was afterwards stationed on the Pacific coast, then sent with his company to Alaska, where, in 1868, Dec. 2d, in the twenty-fifth year of his age, he died. At the time of his death he was brevet Major in the First Artillery, U. S. A. His remains were removed to Wynka cemetery, Nebraska City, Neb.

John Fitch Kinney, Jr., was born in West Point, Lee county, Iowa, March 28, 1846, where he received his first lessons in English education, at the select school taught by Mr. and Mrs. Roots; was sent to Georgetown, D. C., and Edge Hill, Princeton, N. J., and when home in Nebraska, then sixteen years of age, entered as a private soldier in the Nebraska 2d, and was engaged with the regiment under Gen. Alfred Sully in subduing and capturing hostile Indians in Dakota and Minnesota, the occasion being a war inaugurated by the Santee Sioux in 1862, when they committed what is known as the "Minnesota Massacre." After his term of service expired, he returned home, again attended school, then became book-keeper in a bank. In Nebraska City, on the first day of September, 1868, was married to Miss Hattie Sabin, who was born in Ovid,

Seneca county, N. Y., in April, 1846. In 1878 they took charge of St. John's Episcopal Mission Indian boarding school, located near Ft. Bennett, Dakota, where they have since remained. Under their management the school has been a great success, and is now acknowledged to be at the head of all Indian mission schools.

Brockway Kinney was born in West Point, Iowa, Nov. 15, 1849. His education was obtained at Georgetown, D. C., Edge Hill, N. J., and Kenyon College. He studied law in his father's office, was admitted to practice in 1872, was elected Police Judge in Nebraska City, and Nov. 29, 1876, married, in St. Louis, Miss Abby Curtis, daughter of Mr. Mark Curtis, now deceased, then extensively engaged in the manufacture of stoves and hollow ware. Four children have been born to them, two now living, a son and daughter. The eldest child, Julia, lived until she was seven years old, but being too tender and lovable for earth, was then borne away on "angels' wings," for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

In the absence of the mother, her remains were tenderly laid away by the heart-broken father in Bellefontaine Cemetery. Each Sunday since, as this in her life-time was "papa's day," he has visited the sacred spot where his darling lies, strewing sweet flowers, which she so dearly loved.

His struggle at the bar in St. Louis, as against old and well-established lawyers, was attended with many discouragements and sore trials, but his application, courage, and perseverance, after ten years' practice, placed him in a position to the court and bar as an acknowledged factor in a profession in which success is only attainable by well-deserved merit.

Steptoe Kinney was born at Wood River, in Nebraska, June 24, 1854, while his parents were *en route* to Utah. His birthplace was in the tent of Dr. Clark, who had established a hospital to relieve the sick and especially those who were wounded by the Indians while crossing the plains. This tent was reached at night, and the next morning the child was born. Two desperate outlaws had opened a whisky shop close by the Doctor's quarters. These men and the Doctor were the only persons there. Two men, an ambulance, a wagon, and four horses Judge Kinney had retained, and sent his train forward. They were camped some twenty miles in advance. When the child was only one day old, and while the father was in the tent with the sick and suffering mother, the two desperadoes hitched a pair of horses to the baggage wagon, were seated, and in the act of driving away, when they were discovered by Mr. Kinney. When ordered to drop the lines and get out, he was answered by oaths and a flat refusal. A drawn pistol ready for action, with the assurance that it would be discharged unless the demand was obeyed, had the desired effect, and they left the wagon threatening certain death. Not thinking it prudent to remain there longer, the mother and child were at once placed in the ambulance, and a rapid drive was made to the camp. The next day General Landers was met, returning to the states; the child then being two days old, he christened it "Bill Nebraska," in honor of the passage a few days before of the Kansas and Nebraska bill organizing those territories. In a letter published by him, in the account given of this meeting, he stated that when he met the party in camp, the mother and "Bill

Nebraska" were feasting on buffalo meat, and both were doing well.

At his baptismal christening, the *soubriquet* given by General Landers was dropped, and the child was named Steptoe, after a very dear friend, Col. Edward Steptoe, of the U. S. Army. He was educated at Edge Hill, Princeton, N. J., Talbot Hall, and at the Nebraska College; read law with his father, was admitted to practice, went to California in February, 1876. When in Santa Clara, the last of May of that year, he was married to Miss Mary Luis Josephine Argüello, second daughter of Don Luis Antonio Argüello, she then being in her eighteenth year. Her grandfather and great-grandfather were at the head, respectively, of the government of the Province of California before the United States acquired the country by the Treaty of Guadaloupe Hidalgo in 1847. Argüello is an old Spanish family of Castilian blood, and trace their ancestry to some of the most notable families of Spain. A poem by Bret Harte recites in graphic measure the tragic story of the death of a Russian officer who had been deputed by his government to visit Governor Argüello, and while visiting the family fell in love with the daughter. They became engaged, and the officer returned to his country. When he again visited California to claim his bride, in passing over a precipitous mountain, his horse stumbled and fell, and the gallant young officer was thrown, and his body found hundreds of feet below, having been killed in his descent among the rocks. The bride elect immured herself in a convent, where she ended her days without any intercourse with the outside world.

In the early history of California the Argüello family

held a prominent place, and as grantees of the Spanish and Mexican governments, were the recipients of extensive grants.

The marriage of Steptoe Kinney, the child of the plains, was like that of his father's, after only a short acquaintance. The attractions of the captivating and handsome señorita were too strong to admit of delay. He has always been a constant reader of books, is a ready debater, a fluent and easy writer, has a natural inclination for the law, possesses a generous nature, has the faculty of making friends, is very popular among his acquaintances, and with application will win distinction in his profession.

On May 19, 1877, in Santa Clara, a daughter was born —named after her mother, Mary Josephine. Mamie is a child of great promise, loved by all, a leader among her seniors, bright and energetic, with an aptitude for books and study—and in her recitations at school and at readings displays a rare natural talent which gives promise of distinction if it is fully developed by culture.

One more son born to Judge Kinney remains to be mentioned. Renfrew, the youngest, born in Nebraska City, September 23, 1860, died March 15, 1863, the darling of the family while he lived.

The dark shadow which overspread the home circle by the death of two sons, still follows closely through all these years the retreating footsteps of the parents, and it will only be lost in the Divine light of a reunion.

Surviving children and dearest grandchildren impart a charm to declining years, and add a fascination to life. Their golden wedding anniversary, in the lovely presence of their children, marks an exceptional epoch on the dial

of time. It will pass into history, and remote descendants in their social family gatherings will refer to it as a remarkable instance of Divine mercy. Few who begin life together reach this climax of married bliss. None whose lives are more harmoniously blended with the lives of their children than those whose golden anniversary was so beautifully celebrated on the evening of January 29, 1889.

Fifty years had come and gone since they stood at the Altar. The then shadowy future with all of its dreamy uncertainties, in these years has been crystallized into stern realities.

Then, the future was a sealed book—*now,* it is an open volume. Every page has intensified love, and by the joy and sorrow it has revealed, has sanctified their married life. *Then,* the formal wishes of friends for the future—*now,* the warm congratulations of sons and daughters and their children, for their safe arrival at the golden altar.

The trials and sufferings mutually borne through the long journey were all forgotten. There was no room for disappointed hopes or unsatisfied ambition. Honors and riches seemed less than dross. Filial love and tender homage dominated the hearts of all, and in the midst of a profusion of fragrant flowers, the grandparents were crowned with honor and happiness by the earnest congratulations of their devoted children.

The following letter written to an absent member of the family, describing the evening's entertainment and reunion, we are kindly permitted to publish:

NEBRASKA CITY, Jan. 30, 1889.

DEAR G.—We regretted your absence greatly from our festivities last evening, and knowing you too regretted it, I feel the only compensation we can make is to give you the particulars of the "Golden Wedding." By so doing, you may have some faint idea of the delightful event, which is long to be remembered by those who were so fortunate as to participate in it.

Our hostess had planned a surprise for her parents, having received many gifts and letters of congratulation, written from the Atlantic to the Pacific coasts. These she kept a mystery, not to be revealed until the memorable evening.

"Blessed is the bride that the sun shines on," is the old saying, and on the twenty-ninth the sun shone gloriously. "Just such a day had we fifty years ago," Grandma said, with great satisfaction. The night, too, was mild and balmy as spring-tide. The guests arriving in the early evening found the house bright with lights and flowers, and when the dear bride and groom entered, arm in arm, their heads white with the gentle frosts of time, their faces fresh with the youth of love and tenderness, and stood receiving the congratulations of their children and children's children, how proud we were! and how our hearts blessed them in their sweet fulfillment of all life's sacred duties.

After congratulations, Uncle Brock stepped forward and presented the bride with an exquisite bouquet of half

open rosebuds, saying there was nothing so emblematic of the purity and fragrance of her devoted life as the sweetness of flowers; his voice faltered as the dear hands tremblingly received them, while love beamed from the dim, sweet eyes. Not one of us but held his breath and felt a quickening of the heart beats. Fortunately, to the relief of all, supper was announced, and we laughingly followed the bride and groom to the dining-room.

We reverently stood around the table, beautifully decorated with flowers and ferns, while in a voice full of emotion and gratitude, dear Grandfather returned thanks for the blessings of the past and of the present.

The supper was all a wedding supper should be; the souvenirs lovely and artistic, made and designed by Grace. White and gold, with the years 1839 and 1889 painted with date and monogram. After these were admired and appropriated, we "fell to" in earnest over the bountiful repast; the bride of half a century cutting the bride's cake amid cheers and laughter.

How many reminiscences were recalled! How many anecdotes told! How much mirth and fun sparkled around the festal board! As the table was cleared for the last course, the uninitiated were surprised by the delivery of the evening mail, and a great pile of letters and packages was deposited by Grandfather's plate. To see the look of surprise on the two dear faces at such a collection, and their utter lack of suspicion but that they all came in that evening's post, will be one of the sweetest remembrances of the hour.

Our host had supplied the table with most delicious, mellow currant wine, made by his mother thirty-six years

before, and in this we toasted each writer and donor as letters and gifts were opened. Then to see Grandma as she looked at the lovely presents, so unexpected, and from friends so far away, was a picture of itself! How royally all were toasted! How cheered were the absent! How happy and united were those present! Surely such family reunions are foretastes of the blessed reunions to come! I looked around at the faces, from those of three-score years and ten to those in full maturity; from those in their youth to the dear ones in their childhood; and saw the winter and autumn, the summer and spring of life all blended in one happy circle. As the last letter and poem were read, the groom arose (dear Grandpa, you know), and presented to the bride a beautiful wedding ring. I wish I could remember word for word what he said, it was so tender and true, but as I cannot, will not give you a garbled version of my own. Only, dear G., if *I* ever find any one who can say such sweet things, with Grandfather's grace and dignity, as he placed the ring on Grandma's finger, remembering their fifty years of love and toil, of cloud and sunshine—why I for one yield myself to him as my liege lord, worthy of hand and heart. But alas! G., the youth of our day are not like the courtly old school, and I see but little hope for us or them. This digression is unpardonable, so I take up my thread again. After this we returned to the parlor, where the gifts were admired, and mirth and music were in order, all joining in the dear, old song, "Home, Sweet Home." Then an old-fashioned quadrille was formed, the bride and groom leading off. I wish you could have seen us, young and old, thread the "mazy dance." With what dignity

Grandma and Grandpa moved, stately and quiet as the courtly minuet, and with what audacity Horace, who was caller, shouted, "Everybody kiss his partner!" "It was not so done in my day," Grandma said, as she submitted to be heartily kissed by one and all, for they seemed to claim her as partner alone. Then ices were served, and social talk was busy until the unnaturally bright eyes of the children's children reminded the older ones that midnight was striking, and that the hour for good-nights and good-byes had come only too soon. With many a tender word and prayerful wish, with blessings and benedictions, we all sang the grand old Doxology—

> "Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
> Praise Him, all creatures here below;
> Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
> Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

and separated for the night. But long after all was quiet my thoughts were full of the far-reaching past, which to me seemed so misty and dim, and of the dear ones who, amid the love and reverence of their children, had now passed their "Golden Anniversary."

I wish I could give you the toasts, some never to be forgotten, the *menu*, and a full description of all the beautiful gifts, but space forbids. Only one gift I *must* mention, which was a great box of California flowers, from Cousin Theo's beautiful garden. There were layers of callas and carnations, stocks of every hue, cyclamens and ferns, and last, but best of all, roses and buds, such as can only be found in the "land of sunshine." They were as fresh as though just gathered, and filled the house with their fragrance. Enough! If I continue I shall never stop, so I

close with the wish that you and I may live to celebrate our "Golden Wedding," but alas! the promise is poor, for there is no prospect of a *first* that I can see.

Your devoted but hopeful cousin,

B.

Congratulatory Letters.

St. John's Wm. Welsh Memorial Mission School,
Fort Bennett, Dak., January 20, 1889.

My Dear Father and Mother—Hattie and I send you a trifle to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of your marriage.

In the ups and downs of life it is a rare blessing, vouchsafed to few children to rejoice over. We are thankful that a kind Providence has so ordained it.

On the twenty-ninth we will be with you in spirit, and our prayers will be for your continued prosperity and happiness.

Your loving children,

Fitch and Hattie.

To Hon. J. F. Kinney, Nebraska City, Neb.

San Jose, California, Jan. 24, 1889.

Dear Father—Yours of 22d inst., from Nebraska City, received to-day, and was glad to hear of your safe arrival there and fortunate release from the Agency. After four years and a half sojourn on an Indian reservation, civilization must seem most welcome again. I have no doubt that the Golden Anniversary will be most appropriately and fittingly celebrated, knowing that Julia is the master (or mistress) of ceremony. How else could it be other than successful?

The children have sent congratulatory letters, under great excitement, but every time I attempted anything of the kind my poor pen failed to do justice to the subject, and I finally gave up in despair.

Among so many expressions from dear ones you will not miss my feeble voice.

We are looking forward with much pleasure to your and mother's visit. We call it the bridal tour, and will welcome the bride and groom with joy and acclamation.

With much love and wishes for many more years of marital felicity,

Yours as ever,

Steptoe Kinney.

Santa Clara, Cal., Jan. 24, 1889.

Dearest Father and Mother Kinney—Accept from your youngest daughter the heartiest congratulations upon the occurrence of the fiftieth anniversary of your wedded life. Although many handsome and eloquent tributes from States and Territories are pouring in upon

you, let this letter be not the less accepted. Yes, dear Father and Mother Kinney, I also thank you on this occasion for your kindness shown me while at your home. I do also ask that my little faults of the past be forgiven and forgotten.

Wishing you much happiness on this great event, and hoping to welcome you soon in California,

I am, as ever, your true and affectionate daughter,

JOSEPHINE ARGÜELLO KINNEY.

TO FATHER AND MOTHER.

Fifty years of light and shade,
Fifty years of *joy* and *care*,
Fifty years most happy made
By the crown of love you wear.

Golden is the *light*, I ween—
Golden are the *joys* as well;
Of the shade and care, no dream
Mars to-night Love's golden spell.

J. B. M.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., Jan. 22, 1889.

MY DEAR GRANDPARENTS—I cannot tell you what great pleasure it gives me to be able to congratulate you on this rare and happy occasion.

The privilege of claiming a share in the affections of two who have proved not only a great happiness in my own life, but an honor and source of pride to the community at large, is, and will always be, esteemed by me one of my choicest blessings.

With the hope that the future still holds many happy years in store for you, I am

Your very affectionate granddaughter,

GERTRUDE METCALF.

P. S.—Please accept the enclosed gift, with dearest love.

G.

2416 FARNAM ST., OMAHA, NEB.,

Jan. 29, 1889.

MY DEAR GRANDPARENTS—I regret so much that we cannot be with you on your approaching anniversary, owing to Richard's unavoidable absence.

Please accept with this little gift our best wishes and congratulations for the occasion, in which your great-grandchild most heartily joins.

Affectionately,

FLORENCE WARE HALL.

POTTSTOWN, PA., Jan. 26, 1889.

MY DEAR GRANDMA AND GRANDPA—Ah, let's see! Fifty years ago dear Grandma was a bride, and you, Grandpa, were the groom! I cannot remember quite that far back, but I can shut my eyes and picture it all.

Grandma, fair, stately, and tall, radiant in her wedding gown. How young and blooming she was! and you, Grandpa, how proud of her you were, and what an energetic, handsome, and royal young man you must have been! Oh, I am glad *I* was not at *that* wedding. How horribly jealous of Grandma I would have been, and

Horace would like to have stood in your place at the altar beside that beautiful young girl whom to-day ten of us call "Grandma." So you see everything is for the best. Grandpa, dear, your hair at that time wasn't so gray, and your form wasn't so plump. You did not wear spectacles, nor did you carry a cane. Your and Grandma's hearts seem to have stood quite still, while your bodies were growing old gracefully. Fifty years ago you wrote poems in praise of Grandma's beauty and charms. *All* lovers write such things, although they are often merely pretty words. Fifty years of time have only ripened Grandma's loveliness, while your sonnets have been proven true by fifty years of faithful love. Your Golden Wedding! And from the sunny Pacific to the misty Atlantic comes the greeting, "May joy and happiness be yours."

As I think of you both now, with your children's children about you, and see the bright faces of Horace and Gertrude, Mamma and Papa, uncles, aunts, cousins, and that dear baby Richard, of the fourth generation, all wishing you good cheer on your Golden Wedding day, I am very glad that fifty years ago dear Grandma said she would marry you.

I wanted to write you a poem, but "Pegasus" is a spirited horse, Grandpa dear, and he hates side-saddles, I know.

God bless and keep you both, is the golden wish

Of your loving granddaughter,

MINNIE METCALF.

SANTA CLARA, CAL., Jan. 24, 1889.

DEAR GRANDPA AND GRANDMA—I do think, Grandma, this is a great day for you, more so because it was a surprise! How nice it would have been to have all your children together, especially your grandchildren, but I am to be counted as your little daughter, because I am under many obligations to you, sweet Grandma, as you and Grandpa really raised me from an infant until I was quite a big girl. Now, dear Grandpa and Grandma, please accept my congratulations on this happy day of fifty years married. I hope the Lord will spare you many more anniversaries, and that He will also provide and protect you both, is the prayer of

Your little granddaughter,

Age eleven. MAMIE KINNEY.

SANTA CLARA, CAL., Jan. 24, 1889.

Hon. J. F. Kinney and Wife, Nebraska City:

DEAREST GRANDPA AND GRANDMA—As the last beams of 1888 have been borne into eternity, and the New Year has brought with it this great and memorable day, I hasten, dearest Grandpa and Grandma, to congratulate you on this the happiest of your days—the fiftieth anniversary of your wedding. Though our congratulations must find their way for thousands of miles, I feel assured that they will reach their destination and will be fully appreciated. True, dear Grandma, we have never looked upon your kind face, nor have we ever listened to the gentle accents of your voice, but the loving hearts of those

who know and love you well, have opened to us the noble and generous sentiments of their loved mother and father, so that we feel very well acquainted with you, despite the great distance between us. Therefore your granddaughter Louise would mingle her voice in the earnest congratulations for your fiftieth anniversary, with those who are so favored with your dear presence. May the Eternal One bless you on this happy day, with an especial benediction upon your worthy deeds, and when this life is ended may He with open arms receive your precious souls, is our prayer. Again congratulating you on this most happy day, I subscribe myself,

Your loving adopted granddaughter,

LOUISE ARGÜELLO.

SANTA CLARA, CAL., Jan. 24, 1889.

Hon. J. F. Kinney and Wife, Nebraska City, Neb.:

MY DEAREST GRANDPA AND GRANDMA—It is with a heart full of joy that I come to offer you my best wishes and congratulations on this happy day. We all wish we could be there with you to enjoy the reunion. I hope you may live to see many more anniversaries among all your children and grandchildren. May our dear Lord grant you both a long and happy life! I feel quite honored to write you this English letter, although it would be much easier to send my good wishes to you in Spanish. We wished to send you some presents, but brother Steptoe advised us to keep them here until you arrive in California. We are so anxious to see you both, especially you,

dear Grandma, whom we never had the pleasure of seeing. Hoping your lives may be spared to your children for many more years to come.

I am your adopted granddaughter,

IGNACIA ARGÜELLO.

SANTA CLARA, CAL., Jan. 24, 1889.

DEAR GRANDMA AND GRANDPA—This great day has arrived, and I come with my little heart full of love and gratitude to give you my heartiest congratulations on this great event. Now, dear Grandpa and Grandma, I being the youngest in Mamma's family, my letter must be the shortest. Hoping to see you soon in California, I must finish with—

This joyful anniversary,
May you see,
And many sweet returns
Be stored to thee.

From your adopted granddaughter,

Age ten. MARGARITA ARGÜELLO.

SANTA CLARA, Enero 22, 1889.

QUERIDOS AMIGOS—Come ya se acerca un dia tan grande y de tantos recuerdos para ustedes, no podemos menos que congratularlos y esparamos que Dios los guarde en buena salud y felicidad, y que vivan ha celebrar otro aniversaria todabia. Mucho gusto tendriamos si pudieramos nosotros ser contados en el numero de los que participaran de la dicha de acompanarlos ese dia feliz. Pero desde a qui haremos munchos recuerdos en compania de

vuestro buen hijo y su familia. Espero que si algun dia vienen a California tendremos el gran placer de juntarnos y pasar unos ratos felizes. Conclugo con salu darlos a todos en general y reciban espreciones de mi familia y sus ñietos.

Sen mas somos sus servidores.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Argüello.

Kenosha, Wis., Jan. 25, 1889.

My Dear Brother and Sister—Permit me to congratulate you on this golden anniversary. It must be a great source of satisfaction to you in looking back upon a well spent life, and forward with bright anticipations for the future, to feel that life has well been worth the living.

May you yet see many happy days, and as you near the river, which we all have to cross, may your path grow brighter and brighter even to the perfect day, is the earnest wish of

Your elder brother,

Elisha M. Kinney.

P. S.—Kindest regards from all to all. E. M. K.

To Judge J. F. Kinney and Wife.

Waterville, N. Y., Jan. 24, 1889.

My Dearest Brother—I cannot express to you the many memories that fill my heart as I recall the past, and remember that the fiftieth anniversary of your wedded life will soon be here. Fifty years married! How long our

Heavenly Father, through His great mercy, has spared your lives to one another. With thankful hearts we are offering our fervent devotion that you have not only been spared to your dear family, but to your loving sister. Fifty years married, my dear brother. How time flies! It seems but a little while since we were children together in the dear old home, and as I left before you, I can never forget how my heart ached at leaving you behind. How kind has "our Father" been in giving us loving homes of our own, though the dear home of our childhood can never be forgotten.

With congratulations we invoke that Father's blessing, and pray that your lives may yet long be spared, and that love and happiness, which are now so precious in your last days, may continue until you are called to the heavenly home. I am

Your most loving sister,
ELIZA S. JEWETT.

---

692 JOHN ST., ST. PAUL, MINN., Jan. 27, 1889.

MY DEAR SISTER—How well do I remember fifty years ago, when you were married, and I was your proud and happy bridesmaid! Our dear father and mother, and many other dear friends, were with us then, who have passed away from earth. Many, many changes have come to you and me since that time. Then the world was before us bright and beautiful, and we looked forward to a life of happiness and success, expecting our paths to be strewn with flowers. But alas! my dear sister, how often have we found thorns by the wayside, that have not only

torn our feet, but have made our hearts very sore. Now we are nearing the end of our journey. Instead of being young, fresh, and joyous, looking to the future with bright anticipations, we look back and find that life has failed us in many of its promises. The good we could have done has been left undone, and our duties have been so often neglected.

You and I are all that are left of a large family. I miss the dear ones more and more, and our eldest sister most of all, for she was always a mother to me.

May you, dear one, and your good husband, have a joyous life filled with prosperity, and every effort of yours gain success. May you both have health and happiness as long as your lives are spared. I send you a slight remembrance, which I hope you will enjoy. It was a labor of love, and it bears you all the wishes of my heart for continued blessings.

Lovingly, your devoted sister,

MARY J. BURR.

To Mrs. J. F. Kinney, Nebraska City.

SHEDD, OREGON, Jan. 15, 1889.

DEAR SISTER—I received a letter informing me that you would celebrate your Golden Wedding on the 29th of this month. Well do I remember the day you were married! To look back it only seems a short time, but when I see my children and grandchildren grown up to manhood and womanhood, I realize that I am indeed an old man, full of years. Allow me to congratulate you on the happy event. May you spend many happy days with your

family around you. I would like to be present on so unusual an occasion, but it is out of the question. All join in sending love to Aunt Hannah and her dear ones.

Your loving foster brother,

Wm. M. Powers.

P. S.—Come to Oregon if you want to find a delightful home. We are having a beautiful winter, and gathered roses out of the garden to-day.

W. M. P.

---

652 John Street, Saint Paul, Minn.,
January 23, 1889.

Dear Auntie—The letters of good wishes for you at this time are numerous. As we all wish for you the same good, we must all say much the same. I am going to give the words of another, as she says it all more pleasantly than I could—

"'Time flies,' they say. Perhaps it's just as well
To watch him flying and not wish to stay him;
Especially as I don't know the spell
That could delay him.

"And if he paused, 't would trouble folks who take
A yearly due of rent and rate and tax,
And might confuse the thoughtful souls who make
Our almanacs.

"No, let him fly! But as he hurries on,
Would he but hear my wish, he should
Take nought away of happiness by-gone,
Bring naught but good.

"He should not point to mem'ries half effaced,
Nor dole the sands of life in scanty measure;
Time, like an eager messenger, should haste
To do your pleasure.

"He should bring hope, to gladden all the year,
Hope, with no lingering shadow of regret,
And passing, make the home that you hold dear
Still dearer yet.

"He should not change the friends that round you stand,
But added names upon the record trace;
The circle should not know a loosened hand,
A missing face.

"No thought of sadness should this passing leave,
No! Evermore should he so lightly fly
That only by his gifts you should perceive
Time had gone by.

"Ah—but enough of this; I fear lest you
Should laugh at foolish thoughts and clumsy rhyme—
Foolish? Perhaps. But that's what I would do
If I were time."

With love and congratulations,

Your devoted niece,

LIDE S. WHEELER.

To Mrs. J. F. Kinney, Nebraska City, Neb.

SAINT PAUL, MINN., Jan. 20, 1889.

Mrs. J. F. Kinney:

DEAR AUNT—The twenty-ninth of this month will be the fiftieth anniversary of your marriage, and I desire to extend to you my congratulations and good wishes that your future years may be as full of pleasure, happiness, and content as it is possible for human life to be. I know you have had some sorrow, and I presume your life has been much the same as other mortals. You have had your joys, pleasures, and gratified ambition; and you have borne your share of grief and disappointment, and even at times almost despair. In looking back over the half cen-

tury, you find you have not realized all you looked forward to on the twenty-ninth day of January, 1839. With others I presume you have often felt life was a failure, but have struggled on, and brighter times have come, and you have been in some measure compensated for all the severe trials and burdens of life. Now, we who are past the prime of our life, with our own children fast becoming men and women, we who have known you long and well, can truly say to you on this anniversary that comes to so few, that you have been a wise, patient, and good mother, a true and faithful wife, and an earnest, sincere Christian; that you have borne your trials and burdens bravely and well, and you will receive your reward, if not in this world, in heaven. God is good, and may He bless and protect you and give you many years of happiness and joy, is the heartfelt wish of

Yours affectionately,

WALTER T. BURR.

DEAR AUNT HANNAH—I add my congratulations and wishes to Walter's for this beautiful anniversary. I hope you may live to celebrate many more happy wedding days. May this great occasion be all you could wish, so that you may look back with great pleasure to it as long as you live. With love for you and yours,

I am sincerely,

CLARA M. BURR.

SAN BUENA VENTURA, CAL., Jan. 24, 1889.

DEAR AUNT AND UNCLE—The news comes to me that in a few days your golden wedding anniversary will have

come and gone. How long a time, and yet how short a time it is, since I, a young girl, was with you, and you were in the prime of life. Now I am in *my* prime, and you are on the "thither hillside," still hale and hearty, they tell me. Please accept my heartiest congratulations, and many wishes for good years yet to come. I hope you may find it possible in the near future to seek a home in this lovely climate, where you can spend your years without the discomforts of long, dreary winters, storms, and heat, where beautiful flowers ever greet you, where mother Nature is kind and tender.

I send you some flowers to bear the wishes of affection from our little group, for your golden wedding day. I trust they will do their duty, keep fresh, look beautiful, and speak to you all the nice things I would like to say, but which dull paper, pen, and ink refuse to express.

We will be most happy to welcome you when you come to California, which I hope will be soon.

Your loving niece,

THEODOSIA B. SHEPHERD.

To Judge and Mrs. J. F. Kinney, Nebraska City, Neb.

HASTINGS, NEB., Jan. 26, 1889.

MY DEAR UNCLE AND AUNT—Accept my heartiest congratulations on this happy event of the fiftieth anniversary of your wedded life.

May the Creator and Preserver of mankind allow you many years more to enjoy life and the remembrances of the past.

I regret my inability to extend my congratulations in person, a pleasure I greatly desired.

Very truly yours,

LOUIS A. KINNEY.

To Hon. J. F. Kinney and Wife.

LINCOLN, NEB., Jan. 26, 1889.

DEAR AUNT AND UNCLE—Please accept my warmest congratulations on the fiftieth anniversary of your wedding. I well remember your *first* wedding, although only five years old at the time. If my dear mother were living how her heart would overflow on this happy occasion—she who loved you so dearly, and to whom you were ever kind. May you live to enjoy your diamond wedding, is the sincere wish of

Your affectionate niece,

ABBIE B. SPENNY.

To Hon. J. F. Kinney and Wife.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Jan. 18, 1889.

DEAR AUNT HANNAH—Ever since I heard through Auntie Burr that you were soon to celebrate your "Golden Wedding," it has been my intention to write you my congratulations, as distance prevents my giving them in person, as I would greatly prefer. It is certainly an event which is rare, and I trust it may be to you a sweet and loving commemoration of the wedding day of your youth. I had the pleasure last week, January 9th, of celebrating my fifth anniversary, but I cannot hope ever to reach the

golden period. I trust, dear Auntie, the season will be one of joy to you and yours, and that your last days may be your best days. I would that my darling mother might have been spared to rejoice with you. Now you must gratify a woman's curiosity and write me after the great event shall have passed, and tell me all about it. I am going to send a little remembrance along with my letter, just to show that I remember you with love. My husband joins me in congratulating you and Uncle Kinney, and hoping that you may enjoy health and prosperity all the rest of your days,

I remain your loving niece,

METTIE BUXTON HOLMES.

To Mrs. J. F. Kinney.

BATAVIA, N. Y., Jan. 22, 1889.

DEAR AUNT HANNAH—Sister Em and I are most happy to extend our congratulations to you on this unusual occasion. So few are spared to enjoy so many years that it seems like a special blessing from the "Giver of all good gifts" to you and your children. To such a devoted mother as you have always been only praise and thanksgiving can be offered by them. Yea, they shall rise up and call you blessed. How I wish our dear mother could be here to rejoice with you, and she may be, for I often think she may be watching and guarding us from on high, when we know it not.

We send you some little gifts as a token of our love to you, and hope you will accept them as such.

With wishes for heaven's choicest blessings to rest on you and yours, I am

Most faithfully,

Fanny J. Buxton.

Western Union Telegraph Co.

[Telegram]

From Hon. Benton J. Hall, U. S. Comm'r of Patents.

Washington, D. C., Jan. 29, 1889.

Mrs. Julian Metcalf, Nebraska City:

Through you Louise and I extend to Uncle Kinney and Aunt Hannah congratulations on their fiftieth anniversary. May peace and comfort attend them always through many years to come.

Benton J. Hall.

---

50 E. 126th St., New York, Jan. 27, 1889.

Judge and Mrs. J. F. Kinney:

My Dear Cousins—I gladly avail myself of this opportunity to send a word of kindly greeting and of warm congratulations to you upon the enjoyment of your Golden Wedding day.

It is granted to but few to reach that milestone in life, and I am glad you are among the chosen and fortunate ones. I congratulate you and yours upon the glad event, and permit me to hope most sincerely that yet many golden days and years may be added to your fifty years of wedded life, and that happiness, health, and prosperity may be granted you.

I think I have never seen you, though my father used often to speak of you and your family.

As you know, I have been engaged for several years in collecting together the names of the descendants of our Grandfather, Rev. Thomas Brockway, and I take great pleasure in sending you the result. One copy is for you, and the other for Mrs. Metcalf.

I wish the genealogy were more extended and perfect.

I wish we could see you in our home here, and when you visit New York we shall expect that our home will be your home.

Again I ask you to accept our heartfelt congratulations and very best wishes.

Sincerely and affectionately yours,

A. N. Brockway.

Battle Creek, Mich., Jan. 29, 1889.

Dear Cousin—I was very thankful to hear from you, as it brought to mind many interesting reminiscences of the past. How strange it seems to look back fifty years to our acquaintance in Marysville, and the many changes that have taken place during that time. How few of those who were our associates are now living. Of my father's family there are only three left. Father, Lathrop, and William died here, and their children are now doing the work that we were doing fifty years ago. I will not go into details of my family, which naturally is a very interesting one to me, but if I could sit down with you for a long, quiet talk, what an unspeakable pleasure it would be to review the history connected with both our

lives. I cannot realize that you have been married fifty years. For several years I have not known much of your past life, but have often thought of you and many incidents connected with your history, of which I would like to know more.

I take great pleasure in congratulating you upon reaching your fiftieth marriage anniversary, and hope you have many years of enjoyment in store, though life has many trials. This world is a beautiful world, and I would like to spend many years longer in it, provided I could retain my faculties and strength, which are still unimpaired. I am still active in business, and enjoy it now as much as ever. Again desiring all good things for you and yours, in which my family join me,

I am most faithfully yours,

THOMAS B. SKINNER.

To Hon. J. F. Kinney, Nebraska City.

OMAHA, Jan. 23, 1889.

DEAR UNCLE AND AUNT—It is with a great deal of regret that Florence and myself find ourselves unable to be present at the golden wedding. Amid the toil and competition which engross the world, it comes back to one with renewed force that family ties are the ones which bring with them the greatest joys and comforts, and which are the most real and without alloy. It seems as if there could scarcely be a happier occasion than the anniversary of a half century of happily wedded life, celebrated in good health, and with a large circle of children and grandchildren present to join in the recollections and memories

which such an occasion must bring with it. So we very much regret an enforced absence on such a memorable occasion. But our hearts are with you, and we both hope that this celebration may be the most enjoyable precursor of the diamond wedding, to which we hereby pledge ourselves to be present. In all of which sentiments your great-grandson, Richard Ware Hall, most heartily concurs.

Affectionately,

R. S. Hall.

Richfield, Sevier Co., Utah, Jan. 20, 1889.

My Dear Brother—Across the hundreds of miles of plains and mountains between us comes the news of a great family event—your golden wedding. How remiss we become in our correspondence until some unusual occurrence revives forgotten memories and renews the old home associations. I suppose it is because we are so absorbed in our own immediate circle. This half century has whitened our heads and carried us from youth to age, and soon we and ours, like all of human life, will exist only in records of the past.

I received a letter some time ago from our cousin, Dr. A. N. Brockway, of New York City, desiring me to furnish for publication a genealogy of our family. I gave him such information as I could gather. The Wolston Brockway family settled in Connecticut in sixteen hundred and sixty, and now there are three hundred families recorded, as happy, prosperous, and intelligent. Here is a great field for some one of us to form a history to add to our libraries, and it is a record of which we may well be proud.

May your wedding day be one of golden sunshine, and children's children surround you, is the wish of

Your brother,

LATHROP B. KINNEY.

To Hon. J. F. Kinney, Nebraska City.

KANSAS CITY, Jan. 25, 1889.

DEAR MRS. METCALF—Your kindly letter of the 6th at hand. I congratulate my honored cousins on their arrival at the noon of the century of their married life, and as you ask me to indite a metrical measure, something suited to this, so rare an occasion, and couch your invitation with an intimation that I am the poet of the family, how can I resist the delicate appeal? Please accept the enclosed. I used the idea of the alchemist at a *silver* wedding sometime since, and now adapt it to the golden; supposing a family gathering, with some trifles of auriferous gifts, etc. I do not dignify this as *poetry*, but there is perhaps a poetical idea in giving old Time the alchemist's power of transmuting all the wooden, crystal, and silver gifts of their various decades, into gold for this occasion. Regretting my inability to be with you, and with love to my dear and honored friends.

Yours affectionately,

T. B. BULLENE.

'Tis Cupid, they say, who doth intertwine
In Love's sweet entanglement, sweet and divine,
Two hearts, and out of the two makes but one.

The story of Cupid dates back many years;
It is as old as human hopes, toiling, and tears,
Which silently, ceaselessly, into life run.

As a rule, gods are held to be reverend and old,
But Cupid is youthful, rosy, and bold,
Much given to coquettish pranks by the way.

And so, like the Cupid of story, who brings,
With coy, playful touch on heart's quivering strings,
The rich music forth, Love does not decay.

Forests wither,
Rivers cease,
Ocean wears
The mountain's base.

Suns burn out
And worlds decay,
Stars are quenched
And pass away.

Love is young and new, and never
Love from youth can old Time sever;
Heads may whiten, eyes may fail,
Pleasures weary seem, and stale.

Love wears roses in the snow,
Love makes old hearts throb and glow
With the gladness of life's spring,
Turns to music everything.

Laughs at changes, mocks at death,
Having all things, with them hath—
Highest potency of all—
Power to make them all immortal.

When in that long ago ye stood
Your troth to give, and plight,
Ye wondered whether Heaven could
Send other days as bright.

The chastened love that round thee brings
Contentment more and more,
Looks back with sweet rememberings
And finds the promise poor.

Soon five years passed, and then around thy board
Thy friends assemble with their *ligneous* store;
A decade passed, and *crystalline* the hoard
That generous friends unto thy dwelling bore.

And when thy horologue, O, kindly Time,
Struck quarter century with its silvery chime,
All *argentine* the gifts that generous hands
Bore to thy feast from near or distant lands.

Thus Time, the alchemist, the wood to crystal brought,
Then both to silver by his magic wrought,
And even now the silver he hath spurned,
And silver bright to brighter gold hath turned.

High noon, fair century! crieth kindly Time,
And wakens now the echo with a golden chime,
While from their slumber in remembered years
Start mingled visions, now of joy, now tears.

Visions of the fifty years,
Ye have come together,
O'er the smooth and rugged path
That has led you hither.

Visions of the flowers that grew,
Flowers by thorns defended;
How ye plucked the one, and knew
Joy and pain were blended.

Visions of the storms that come,
Storms of grief and sorrow—
How you thought the night had been
Robbed of its to-morrow.

Visions of the fifty years,
Blessed years and visions!
Some of smiles, and some of tears,
All of heaven's giving.

And when a decade shall have passed again,
And we returned assemble at thy feast,
We may with confidence the hope maintain
That length of days and honors still increased
Shall be thy portion; until full of years,
As full of honors, and with troops of friends,
Thou shalt, as this life's golden sunset nears,
And with its glow of golden glory blends,
Wear brighter wedding garments with our Lord,
Which thou art promised in His sacred Word.

There robed with kingly splendor,
Ineffable, complete:
There made of God's life sharers,
And for that sharing meet.

In the glory beatific
Of the mansions in the skies,
May life itself be sweeter, for
These earthly memories.

T. B. Bullene.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, LOS ANGELES
THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
This book is DUE on the last date stamped below

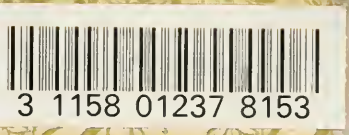
LD
URL

RECD LD-URL
FEB 06 1988
JAN 22 1988

Form L-9
25m-2,'13(3205)

UNIVERSITY of CALIFORNIA

CS71
K62M5 Memorial of
golden
wedding.



CS71
K62M5

1839.

1889.

Jan. 29.